

The Bee

SIXTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

NO. 88.

ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY,

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager,
337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager,
342 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

R. G. ROUSE, Manager,
Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

CAPT. T. L. LEE, Manager,
Cor. Main and Auction Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

A. S. FORD, Manager,
327 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents. HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of Interest to the Retail **COAL** and **COKE** TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

Gas was first employed as fuel in 1868.

Small & Cool is the name of a firm at Syracuse, N. Y.

It takes 5,500 tons of coal to heat the school buildings at Minneapolis, Minn.

Miners in Illinois are very restive under the low wages now ruling.

At Jackson, Miss., the coal sheds at the capital grounds slid down hill, after having been filled.

Sawdust bricks for fuel is the latest in Ottawa to enable the people to get relief from buying American coal.

In California it has been found that peach stones burn as well as the best of coal and give out more heat in proportion to weight.

The Big Stone Gap Colliery Co. fired the first 50 coke ovens to be built in the Big Stone Gap district a week or more ago, and on the 3rd inst. drew its first coke, which to all appearances is as good as ever came from Pocahontas.

The coal business of Mobile is yearly improving, especially in steam coal. The large increase in the number of steamers which have entered this port and the establishment of the Liverpool line have tended to develop more activity in the sale of steam coal.

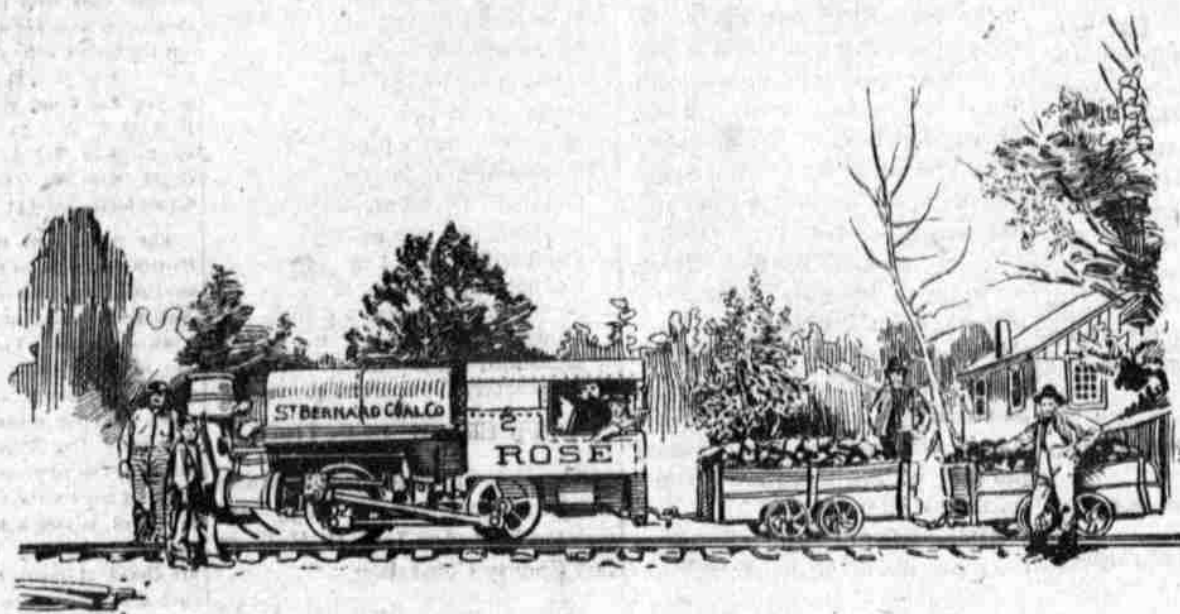
The Davis Coal & Coke Co., of West Virginia, will send to the Atlanta Exposition a solid block of coal eleven feet, six inches in height and three feet one inch on each side. By geological experts it is regarded as one of the most phenomenal exhibits of this character ever placed on display.

There is a lot of talk about the meg in Connellsville being restless under the activity which prevails, and they are said to be inclined to demand a share of the prosperity by an advance in their wages.

COAL.

St. Bernard Coal Company.

INCORPORATED.



MINE LOCOMOTIVE IN USE AT ST. CHARLES MINE.

Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.

CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get St. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

The Gowen mines, of the Cross Coal Co., near Hggleton, Pa., are showing signs of caving in, and from present indications a collapse is likely to take place at any time. The mines have been taken out of the slope and all work is suspended.

A dispatch from Baltimore asserts that the Chesapeake & Western R. R. Co. have concluded contracts with coal operators for handling 1,400,000 tons of Pocahontas coal, and they have also received assurance for a very large tonnage from the lumber industry.

The new coal pocket at Mobile, Ala., is complete. Mobile can add this new feather to her cap. It is a sign of progress that the increase of the coal export trade and the increase of steam commerce at this port have made a large investment necessary. The plan is one upon which Captain Deane, president of the coal company, has been busy for a year or more, and every detail has been the subject of investigation. Its successful operation is a great compliment to his energy and intelligence.

Connellsville Courier—"Coke production and output during the month of August were of the phenomenal order. In round numbers 725,000 tons of coke were made. In the same time the total shipments aggregated nearly 38,000 cars. So far as output goes 1895 will be a record year in the coke trade. From the very first of the year there has been a wonderful demand. It did not weaken during the early spring and summer months, and the heated term of July and August only seemed to create a greater want for the spongy furnace fuel."

A worm will turn, and so will a mule, as mule-driver Littlejohn found to his cost in an Ohio coal mine. He was, ordinarily, very cruel to the animal, and when it became refractory the other day, as he was bringing it out of the mine, he began to beat it with a club. The mule became desperate and assaulted him in a vicious manner. Littlejohn turned and fled down the dark entry, his light becoming extinguished as he ran. The mule chased him through the entry and panned him up in a dark room, where a hard-fought battle took place.

NELLIE'S TRIUMPH.

"Keep a boarding-house! How dreadful!"

"Why, Dora, mamma is quite hopeful about it," said Nelly Dalton, in some surprise. "She thinks if she can obtain a pleasant set of boarders it will be less lonely for us."

"But keeping boarders is so ungentle," said Dora Simmons.

"How many extra servants does Mrs. Dalton intend to engage?" inquired Agatha Simmons, coolly.

"Only a cook. Mamma expects to retain Jane and Bridget, and the number of boarders wanted will not exceed eight."

"I think Mr. Montague will go there very seldom, if Nelly's mother keeps a boarding-house," said Agatha Simmons to her sister Dora, after Nelly had concluded her call and left.

"Perhaps, Agatha," you had better go less frequently to Mrs. Dalton's yourself. You know that we go in very fashionable society. I shouldn't care to have Mrs. Spencer Hoyt aware that the Daltons were among our list of acquaintances, if the boarding-house scheme is accomplished."

For a long time Mr. Montague had been attentive to Nellie Dalton, and Agatha had vainly tried to rival her, with little, if any success. But after Nelly had gone Agatha began to be really pleased with the idea of the boarding-house.

It was a very busy afternoon at Mrs. Dalton's some two months later. Bridget was assisting the cook preparing vegetables for the soup. Jane was ironing, and Mrs. Dalton making ready the table for luncheon. Nelly was in the parlor where she had been dusting the furniture.

She had just finished when the door-bell rang, and she went at once to answer the summons. Nelly was rather surprised, however, when she admitted Mr. Montague, as it was not usual for him to call at that hour of the day.

He was dressed in the height of the fashion, and had brought with him a very beautiful bouquet.

Mr. Montague had frequently been entertained in Mrs. Dalton's parlor by a stylishly dressed young lady, whom he had greatly admired.

Was this the same Nelly Dalton, wearing a plain morning dress and large kitchen apron? Yes, it was the same, and he was welcomed as cordially as ever by her.

"I had no idea it was you, Mr. Montague," she said. "It is a

very busy day with us. Mamma's last vacant room was taken yesterday."

"Have you company staying with you," inquired Mr. Montague, "that you have extra household cares?"

"Why, Mr. Montague, there are eight boarders here now, and that is why my time, especially during the busiest days of the week, is so much more occupied."

"Boarders?" exclaimed Mr. Montague, then paused a few minutes before continuing: "Miss Dalton, I brought you this bouquet of flowers hoping you would deign—I wonder—"

"Were you looking for your hat, Mr. Montague?" asked Nelly, calmly. "I believe you left it on the hall table."

After he was gone Nelly sat down by the table on which were placed the flowers. She looked at them for a while—such a choice selection. Then she thought: "I did admire Mr. Montague very much. I am sorry to think that he is so absurd, I suppose this dress is not so beautiful, or very becoming, and this apron is suitable for kitchen wear. As to mamma's keeping a boarding-house, if he choose to discontinue his visits on that account, he is quite welcome to do so."

Mrs. Spencer Hoyt, who lives in a very handsome house on a fashionable avenue, that same evening received a call from her favorite nephew, Mr. Sidney Lawrence.

"Really, Sidney," she said, "I did not know but you were out of town. Where are you located at present? At some hotel, or are you migrating as usual from one boarding-house to another? I managed, comfortably, unhome-like places, many of them are."

"Aunt Julia, I am boarding not far from here," said Mr. Lawrence, "with a widow lady named Mrs. Dalton. The house is managed by herself and she is assisted by her daughter and the servants. I am quite pleased with the furnishings of the table. It is well appointed and the dinners are excellent, and not scant as to quantity."

How long is it since you commenced boarding there Sidney?"

"Only a week; but the house is pleasant and cheerful, that I think now I shall not move, unless something unanticipated occurs again this winter."

And Mr. Lawrence continued to board at Mrs. Dalton's during the winter, and few of the other boarders seemed to care to leave; but when any did go, there were

speedily applicants to take their places, and Mrs. Dalton found her boarding-house a success.

Mr. Montague, with Agatha Simmons, was sometimes seen by Nelly to pass the house, but they never seemed by their manner to be aware that any of their acquaintances resided there.

Mr. Lawrence and Nelly had attended more than one concert together, and though he had often met Nelly when she was plainly dressed and busy about household affairs, he admired her nearly if quite as much as when she was wearing the richest dress she owned.

Winter and spring passed away, and Mr. Montague had not called at Mrs. Dalton's since the morning he had brought the bouquet, and Nelly did not grieve at all about his absence.

One day in the early summer, an hour or two after breakfast, Nelly went out to order some vegetables and fruit for dinner. There was a large store, situated on a neighboring corner of the street and avenue where Mrs. Dalton usually obtained supplies of this description, and thither Nelly went. She found a variety of fruits and vegetables arranged outside of the store, and made her selections there.

"You may send home six of these cauliflower," said a lady, just as if he had been away six months instead of having breakfasted with her that very morning.

"Who was that, Sidney," was Mrs. Spencer Hoyt's inquiry as they went on.

"Miss Dalton, Aunt Julia."

"Indeed! and she has courage enough to give orders in the house-keeping line in that public place! Sidney, I think you have found a prize. Such absurd notions as some girls have nowadays! and yet Sidney, America is a Republic."

Mr. Lawrence and Nelly were married in Mrs. Dalton's parlor the summer was half gone. Mrs. Spencer Hoyt's carriage was waiting at the door to convey her nephew and the bride to the depot. Miss Agatha Simmons, in floating draperies of white tulle, over silk came in grandly enough, but was rather surprised to find Mrs. Hoyt there, and to find that Mr. Sidney Lawrence was the wealthy banker by whom Mr. Montague was employed as a clerk.

Poison in Ice Cream.

Reasons Given by Physicians for Its Presence There.

Medical men generally, we believe, regard ice cream as one of the least harmful forms of sweet food. Invalids are permitted by their physicians to eat it when every other sort of sweet is absolutely proscribed; and, in health, there is probably no other kind of refreshment more popular, particularly in the summer.

It is an unquestionable fact, however, that serious and even fatal cases of poisoning occur almost every season from eating ice cream. On a recent Sunday, for example, in Syracuse, N. Y., fifty children were made dangerously ill as the result of eating ice cream which was sold on the streets by an itinerant vender. None of them died, but their escape from death in several instances is attributed to the small quantity in which the ice cream was sold to each customer. There was a suspicion that the late Judge Ehrlich died from the same cause.

There are two ways in which physicians endeavor to account for the occasionally poisonous effects of ice cream: One is the presence in the compound of some distinct poison, used to color or to flavor the ice cream; the other is the development in the cream or milk of a peculiar chemical substance belonging to the class of poisons known as ptomaines. These resemble in character the peculiar poisons developed in dead bodies in the process of decay.

In almost every instance of extensive poisoning by ice cream, controversy has arisen as to whether the deleterious effects were due to these ptomaines, developed after the compound was prepared out of wholesome materials, or to noxious coloring matters or flavors, the ptomaine theory being adopted by the person responsible for making and selling the ice cream, and the independent poison theory by the people who have been made ill.

A case of this kind came before the courts of this state some years ago, and finally went to the court of appeals, where a verdict of nine hundred dollars was sustained against a firm of druggists for selling to an ice cream manufacturer a certain preparation of red coloring matter, designed to be used for giving a pink tint to ice cream. The contention of the defendants that the poisonous effects of the

ice cream thus colored were due to ptomaines, was rejected by the jury, but perhaps this was not very strange, inasmuch as the evidence in behalf of the defendants showed that there was arsenic in the liquid which they sold. Their expert witnesses declared that the proportion of arsenic was not large enough to hurt anyone who ate the ice cream, but the jury thought otherwise.

We may add that the testimony, upon the trial of the particular case to which we refer, tended to show that chocolate ice cream was the least likely of all kinds to be wholesome. It seems that ice cream makers, when other sorts of ice cream have grown somewhat stale and unpalatable, can conceal the age and undesirability of the compound by the liberal use of chocolate.—N. Y. Sun.

A WISE DOG.

A man was lying drunk on the street with a dog beside him. A crowd gathered and a policeman finally appeared to arrest the man. The moment the policeman put his hand on the man, the dog showed his teeth and growled. The man woke up, and the policeman told him he was arrested and to look out for his dog.

The man said, "Cully, it's all right, we are arrested." The man was helped to his feet and taken to the station-house and put into a cell. The dog howled so and barked so much and so loudly, that he was finally admitted to the cell, and lay down beside the man. The next morning the man and the dog were taken to court.

"What have you to say?" asked the judge, addressing the prisoner.

"Cully, we're sorry, aren't we?" said the prisoner to the dog. "Tell the judge so."

The dog rose on his hind legs and whined most piteously, looking in the judge's face.

"What are you going to do?" asked the judge again.

"We don't know, do we, Cully?" said the prisoner to the dog.

The dog looked in the judge's face again most piteously and begged.

"I shall let you go on your dog's account. You do not deserve such a friend. He is a noble dog," and the judge patted the dog's head.

"Thank him, Cully—thank the judge."

The dog wagged his tail and barked joyously, manifesting his gratitude in every way.

The man went out of court, and every one who saw him felt, with the judge, that he did not deserve so true and loving a friend.—Selected.

THE FOUR TRAVELERS.

The following true story is related by one of the participants in the remarkable incident:

Not long since in a certain New England city four commercial travelers met for the first time at the table. With the grand bonhomie peculiar to the craft, they were soon engaged in conversation. In a few moments one of them said:

"Gentlemen, suppose we begin, being all strangers, with the gentleman opposite me, to introduce ourselves and our firms' business."

This was unanimously agreed to.

Said No. 1: "I am—, and I represent the house of X. Y. Z. selling glass bottles."

Said No. 2: "Well, gentlemen, perhaps it is no chance that I come next, for I represent P. D. Q. I am—, and I sell the stuff that goes into the bottles. I sell wines and liquors."

There was a moment's silence as No. 3 said: "That, gentlemen, does seem a little strange, but perhaps there is a fatality about this. I am—, of the firm of W. U. S., dealers in undertaker's goods."

No. 4 now remained silent, and suggested that it would be well not to pursue the subject farther, and that it had been well never to have started it.

After much urging to complete the chain, he said: "Gentlemen, it is indeed a fatality. I am—, of D. B. E., and I am taking orders for gravestones." Was there ever a temperance lecture compressed into so few lines?

HE WAS EQUAL TO IT.

An Irish car driver was called upon to settle a wager which turned upon his ability to answer any question that was put to him without stopping to think. The circumstances having been explained to the man, he said: "Be after asking me the question, your 'onner."

"Well, now, Pat, tell me what's nothing?"

"Arrah, now, shut your eyes and ye'll see nothing immediately," was the instant and brilliant answer.—St. Paul Dispatch.

SYSTEM NEEDS CHANGING.

"This here system," moaned Dismal Dawson, "is all plumb wrong. Why is it, I rise to ask, why is it that the very fellows that ain't got no warm house to sleep in is the ones that hasn't got no clothes to keep the wind off?"—Indianapolis Journal.

LOVERS AGAIN.

'Tis always pleasing to see true love run along in smooth channels. A month or so ago a Cape Elizabeth woman came into a Portland oculist's store and purchased a glass eye. She confidentially formed the oculist that her husband had been arrested, and that she was glad of it, for he hadn't used her well at all. She hoped that a term in jail would help him, and she proposed to go up and see him sentenced, and so she got a new glass eye in order to make a proper appearance in court.

This week the woman came in again. With her was a man whom she introduced as her husband. The glass eye had been accidentally broken and the man was preparing to buy another and "darn the expense. I want her to have just as good an eye as you've got in the store, for the ain't no better woman on the face of the earth." The wife winked the sound eye blissfully at the oculist and whispered: "That jail done him a sight of good."—Lewiston Journal.

Queen Victoria's Birthday Gifts.

There is no person in the world who receives a greater variety and number of birthday presents than Queen Victoria. Some of these gifts are of the most extraordinary character, especially those coming from her Indian feudatories and subjects. In many instances she receives them by virtue of treaty, such as the Cashmere shawls which she is in the habit of giving away as wedding presents to members of the British nobility, a Cashmere shawl from the queen to the bride constituting, so to speak, the imprimatur of royal favor to the match.

The treaty which provides for the annual presentation of these shawls to her majesty stipulates that the shawls shall number six per annum, and their value may be gauged by the fact that each one of them takes an entire Cashmere family a full year to weave. By this same treaty she is also entitled to twelve perfect shawl goats of perfect breed, six male and six female. What disposition is made of the goats I do not know, but the shawls have been received by the queen ever since the treaty was signed, forty-six years ago. These gifts from the queen constitute something in the shape of a white elephant for the bride, since no one nowadays knows just what to do with a valuable Cashmere shawl.—Chicago Record.

NUGGETS.

Blessed are the sunny in heart. Vain and rest do not mean.

Well doing should be free from self interest.

Travel with open eyes and a handy notebook.

Avoid being prejudiced against any new pupil.

A pleasant vacation and happy school year to all.

A noisy teacher invariably has a noisy school room.

Be busy. That is the only way of saying be happy.

Children are fast being brought face to face with nature.

A heart that is full of desires is always a prey to sadness.

Strive to keep your school room in the most exquisite order.

Silence is golden, fitting speech is silver and giggling is brazen.

Slang has been described as the "waste basket of language."

The scientific spirit is "in the air;" it can never again be throttled.

Learn about birds, trees, and flowers from observation this vacation.

Let there be no harsh, creaky, Uriah Heepish qualities in the teacher's voice.

How grand it is that science studies are being thus introduced into our schools.

It is so much easier to govern a school if your tones are low, clear and agreeable.

Read something for intellectual profit, something for recreation and relaxation.

Music in the school should soften and cement the relations of teacher and pupil.

Through love of nature in vacation, learn to love to teach of nature in school.

Spontaneous activity was no more essential in the days of Froebel than in this day.

The wise man said: "If you would lift me up you must be on higher ground."

More people die of indifference, ennui and laziness than are killed by overstudy.